

UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL FRIGHT.

Secretary of War, William Taft, will be in Logan and Lancaster to speak for Douglas on Monday afternoon of next week. Mr. Taft coming as he does almost direct to Logan from Cuba on a hurry trip, and being the next greatest man in office in the United States, prompts the people to sit up and note the significance. For twenty years the old Eleventh congressional district of Ohio has gone Republican from 2000 to 10,000, and it never seemed doubtful as to the inevitable result, but now it is different. There has been such flagrant violations of political honor in the Republican bossed manipulations in this district this year that even the political pirates themselves, with guilt rankling in their breasts, fear the wrath of the people. Albert Douglas, the Republican candidate for congress, received his nomination at the hands of one of the most corrupt conventions that was ever pulled off in Ohio. A nomination to which he has referred in many speeches as not of the "purest" methods, but the "surest" way to get it. Knowing the guilt that is upon him, he has become desperate, and like a drowning man grabbing at a straw, he has gone out to Washington and begged for help.

The Congressional Committee offered him many lesser lights, but none would pacify him in his desperate straits but the tallest timber to be had, and that was Taft. Chairman Dick was communicated with and he said if Taft must come to Ohio give him to his "friends," Mr. Burton and Mr. Douglas, who it is said, fought Dick in the convention. Ex-Governor Herrick got into a war of words with Dick, and swore all vengeance if that damnable Taft, who scored he and Cox last year, would be permitted to speak in Cleveland, Herrick's home town, but Burton is a "square dealer" and wanted Taft. Poor Taft, few seem to want him. He tells too many tales out of school. When the news came to Logan that Douglas had arranged for a Taft meeting here, Boss John White just raised particular thunder. He cornered Douglas up against a car at the depot and poured it into him hot and runny, but Douglas promised that he would see Taft on his arrival in Ohio, and tell him for the sake of all that's good and holy, not to say anything about bosses in his Logan speech, for the sore in that town is wide open and festering anyhow. Judge O. W. H. Wright is receiving hundreds of letters of congratulations from all over the state on the opposition admitting, by bringing Taft here, that their cause is weak, and the Judge is conceded a winner. On the other hand Douglas is cursed on every side by his gang of political pirates for permitting Taft to make two of his three Ohio speeches in this district--the district that is lousy with bosses and healers. It does not brood of pleasantries to Bosses John White, Lindsey and Sayre for a man like Taft to come so close to them, and they will breathe easier when he has gone. When the large gentleman steps upon the platform and says like he did last year about Hamilton county, that if he lived here he would not support a single man on the ticket whose nomination was secured by the John White perpetuated committee, there will be some hair raise. Will Mr. Taft repeat his speech of last year against bossism and Cox, or will he save it over, or will he talk tariff? These are queries that are worrying the political pirates in this county and district. Come on, Mr. Taft, and tell them the plain truth again.

PROBATE COURT.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

John S. McGonagle, of Porter, W. Va., and Gertrude E. Shorr, of Logan.

Ira E. Bainter, Laurel township and Mery C. Helber, of Logan.

The first account of William L. Smith, as administrator of the estate of Mary E. Bowlby, deceased, was filed Oct. 23, and is for hearing Nov. 16, at 10 o'clock a. m.

October 20, Andrew Mettler filed his first and final account as administrator of the estate of Anna Swearingen. On hearing the same day, the account was approved. Balance in administrators bonds was \$107.79.

The commission to take election of the widow of William Lindsey, deceased, heretofore issued to Samuel Ebert, was returned Oct. 23, showing election of the widow to take under the will.

The first and final account of P. D. Sloan, executor of the will of William Sloan, was heard and confirmed Oct. 19, and distribution ordered.

Inventory of the personal estate of William Iles, deceased, was filed Oct. 17 by Mary C. Iles and Otto Iles, and was ordered recorded.

Not Enthusiastic.

(Pomeroy Democrat.)

General Grosvenor was interviewed while in Washington on Sunday, as to political conditions in Ohio. His forecast lacks its old-time vigor of expression. Of course he says Ohio will go Republican, but doesn't say it like he meant it or like he cared a great deal whether it did or not.

To the inquiry, "How about your own district?" his reply was, "Oh, that will go Republican." It will be noted that he didn't say Mr. Douglas will be elected. The 11th district might go Republican and Mr. Douglas not be elected. In fact such a result is not at all impossible.

The Democrats are united and enthusiastic for Judge Oliver Wright. He is a great campaigner and very popular with all classes and especially with the miners in the Hocking Valley coal region. This vote always went to General Grosvenor but it is said will not stand by the bombastic Mr. Douglas.

The attitude of Douglas toward Grosvenor at the time of the Lancaster convention, was sufficient to drive every friend of the Athens statesman from him.

No, General Grosvenor does not jeopardize his reputation as an election forecaster by saying Douglas will be elected. He may jeopardize it by saying the 11th will go Republican.

Boston Orchestral Company.

The Library Lecture Course opens at the Opera House Friday Nov. 9, with the Boston Orchestral Company. This is a company, every member of which plays two instruments and renders a program including string quartets and brass quartets, flute and piccolo solos, descriptive numbers, popular numbers, numbers introducing the Toy Orchestra, and the hocalney should they secure an encore, but an entire orchestral program of the highest order.

The course is selling for one dollar the tickets at the Public Library. Seats reserved at Bili-sons, two days in advance 10 cents.

MEMORIAL.

CAPT. WM. M. BOWEN.

There is a pleasant legend, sacred in acceptance from the immemorial past, that Israfeal, the Angel of Death, is the most beautiful of all the Ministry around the Throne. When the mortal has lived out his allotted years, when the worry of a struggle to survive, when the weight of years rests heavy, when health and strength and present opportunities are not in the catch, the man of years is called to his rest, it is a benediction and to him, a benediction. This is true of our deceased friend, Cap Bowen.

He was a man, who in the material way, in the commercial sense, was in his day the most progressive man of his town and county. He originated and promoted the best of the development which has succeeded. The world gives little heed to the pioneer. The world has but little concern for the man today who has not cash at his command.

But money does not melt the heart, nor does it open the Eternal Gates to the mortal.

Cap Bowen was a man whose life was woven in the web and woof of our town and county. There was not a charity in which his left hand knew not of the act of the right, in which the Record-



BOSS COX---"TAKE THIS. HE SAVED ME."

ing Angel does not have an account of his doing. There was not a public enterprise, looking to the advancement of our town in which, for more than half a century, he was not the encouraging spirit, the helping hand in his social relations will our departed friend be most remembered. A faithful, true, steadfast friend.

In public service he was honest, capable and useful; hence the record is not only to his credit, but to the glory of the friends who gave him their confidence.

Cap Bowen was a man of strong convictions. He was a personality, known to us as a man of his own way of thinking and doing, and known to be a man who did what he thought to be right.

In his walks and ways and talks he was always the cultured gentleman. No coarse word nor obscene remark soiled his lips. Polite, cordial, genial, he was the "Hail

fellow well met" in companionship, and in every place and every presence was the gentleman. He provoked no animosities. He harbored no wrongs, he treasured no grievances, at least exhibited no cankers that may have rankled in his heart, and only thought to the Almighty.

He met with business misfortunes, the lot of many, but he rose like Chicago in whose burning flames his life savings went up and out, and carried a high head and an uplifted eye, looking always for the sunshine.

May we not hope that when the shadows fell, in the Beyond, he had the welcoming kiss of the Eternal morning.

His hand of help to the striving; his dispensations in charity to the needy; his counsel to the discomfited; his honest, efficient service to the public; all these will, as graces, be like guard-

ian angels to a memory.

The Savior translated a thief to Heaven, made a Saint of Magdalene. The great orders cover with a mantle their dead. The good lives after us. The lights are always burning. May we not, with the voices of the Choirster in Requiem join in the prayer--

"Lead kindly light,
Amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on."

G.

IN MEMORIAM.

To my friend and brother, Captain Wm. M. Bowen, who died in Logan, O. Oct. 15, 1906 after a turbulent voyage from shore to shore upon life's ocean. Born in the queen city of the Hocking Valley April 13 1839, it seems that the charms and beauty of the romantic hills and the grandeur of the fertile valley cast a stamp, an impress upon the man from his

youth, evolving with his years, like a pretty flower, always cheerful. Adversity had not the force to crush his manly aims, onward he toiled giving all he had to meet responsibilities and undue obligations. His aim was high. His habits of gaining knowledge, his simplicity of character, his polished gentlemanly bearing, his ardent patriotism, his intense zeal for the faithful discharge of duty and public trust, stand today in letters of gold over his last resting place. He was a scholar, a statesman, a soldier, he loved, honored and served his country, and when he returned from the field of war with broken health, he carried not a Greek or Trojan helmet upon his head, but in his hands the broken shackles of slavery and the olive branch of peace and union of his country. Could we today like Virgil's hero cross the stream and walk in the dream-land of Elysian fields, as we at the future will, we truly would find our departed brother there. Bro. Bowen aimed for high ideals, as he entered the portals of Free Masonry. He worked faithfully in the mysterious labyrinths of that ancient craft, he knelt as a weary pilgrim at the foot of the cross in knightlyhood, but with all this, is mankind perfect? No,--alas perfection is not obtained in this life, beyond this vale, it may be ours. The papers say: "He died alone."--Oh, great mistake, for God was there and closed his eye-lids in that dreamless sleep, and angelic hands handed the weary soldier his discharge.

He rests. His deeds of kindness will live forever in the history of Logan. May God be the comforter of the bereaved is the prayer of
JOHN L. YOUNKER.

Maxville O., Oct, 1906.

Brown-Guthrie.

A pretty wedding was solemnized Saturday evening October 18th at 7 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie on East Hunter street. The contracting parties being Mr. Ernest A. Brown and Miss Mellie Irene Guthrie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie.

Clyde Guthrie, brother of the bride acted as best man, while Miss Gertrude Simpson of Sabina O., acted as bridesmaid.

Miss Martha Dollison presided at the piano and to the strains of the beautiful wedding march the happy couple and attendants entered the parlor where in the presence of about 25 invited guests

the beautiful and impressive ring ceremony was performed by Rev. White of M. E. Church. The bride was attired in white silk trimmed in white embroidered chiffon and ribbon and carried white tea roses, the bridesmaid was beautifully dressed in white mohair trimmed in silk embroidery and carried carnations. The groom wore the conventional black After congratulations an elegant wedding supper was served. The bride and groom were the recipients of many useful and beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were given an elegant reception, the following day at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Brown of this city, where a delicious dinner was served to about 45 invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be at home to their friends in Canton O. after October 20th, where the groom is engaged as instructor in bookkeeping in the Canton Actual Business College.

Hallelujah.

Fairfield county police good steel caps.
I want all you children to follow me,
There's where we'll put old Albee in the boat.
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.
Chorus--Now remember, on the sixth day of November,
You'll hear old Ollie's bugles in November.

Hocking county will vote for Wright!
I want all you children to follow me,
They won't be bossed by Ricketts and White.
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

Athens county is Grosvenor's home,
I want all you children to follow me,
We'll make Bryson wish that he'd left him alone.
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

Good old McGee lies down on the river,
I want all you children to follow me,
We'll make old Lind-er shake and shiver,
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

Little Vinton's very small,
I want all you children to follow me,
But Vollenwelder has got the gail,
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

There's one more county--good old Ross,
I want all you children to follow me,
Says it don't like John White for Boss,
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

Watch big Perry pull off her coat,
I want all you children to follow me,
and give old Ollie a great big vote,
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

If the election Old Wright goes,
I want all you children to follow me,
It will surely be the death of poor old Moie,
Halle, Halle, Halle lujah.

Written by an old soldier who will vote against Boss White as well as sing and sing to that jingling negro melody. I want all you children to follow me.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and expels the cold from the system as it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed, go not risk taking any but the Devine in the yellow package. Bort & Co.

FOR SALE--Two lots corner Second and Walnut streets. Inquire of Mrs. A. C. Sands, Sr.